

The Prince Consort Husband

How to Manage Him Will Be Told in the Next Article by Carolyn Wells.

Watch for It on This Page.

DAILY MAGAZINE

5 Keys to Women's Happiness

A Series of Sparkling Interviews With Eminent Authors and Artists.

On This Page Next Week.

The "Jazz Husband" Must Be Humored

"BUT," SAYS CAROLYN WELLS, "HE IS EASILY FOOLED"

If You Have Any Gumption You Can Twist Him Around Your Little Finger and He'll Enjoy the Twisting—As a Rule He Is Easily Scared.

By Carolyn Wells.

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HUSBANDS are a lottery. In that respect they are like hats. Be a woman never so careful in the selection of a hat or a husband, they are quite likely to turn out a disappointment.

The first requirement, in both cases, is really becomingness. If a hat is not becoming, it is a failure. Likewise, if a husband is not becoming, it is a tragedy.

Though a married pair may be congenial of heart and soul, if they don't look well together the union is not a truly happy one.

The chief charm of a jazz husband is that he is nearly always a becoming man.

Now, a jazz husband is not necessarily a dancer. He may not even know what syncopation means, but he is jazzily all the same.

He is usually good looking, with a nice, fresh color and a round, smiling face. He is good-natured, always well dressed, without being an exquisite. But his chief characteristic is his untiring energy. He is always ready for anything—always the life of the party.

Everything thrills and interests him. He wants to go somewhere and do something all the time. He adores queer restaurants and eagerly samples new dishes. Nor is he dismayed by the fact that they invariably turn out to be a combination of chicken and pimentoes, after all.

He gets up hasty trips to Coney Island, impromptu parties to Atlantic City, jolly picnics in the woods.

On these last named occasions, he busily builds a fire, makes coffee, broils chicken or steak, and by his gay chatter keeps his guests from noticing the heat or the mildred or the uncomfortableness of sitting on a slippery side hill.

He is so volatile, so magnetic, so full of whimsical charm, that one can't help laughing at him and with him.

He likes dress-up parties, where he can appear as a swash-buckling knight or an organ grinder with a monkey. He loves practical jokes, comic songs and minstrel shows. He loves to turn on the Victrola.

Sometimes he takes queer notions and has a Hinduistane control or a chiropractor or he rigs up a wireless by use of a brass bed and a radiator.

Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher.

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DEAR MISS DOSCHER: I am a girl who is very broad boned and as I have very fat legs and a plump face, I have the appearance of being stout, although my body is thin. Will you please tell what to do to reduce my face and legs? S. M.

There is nothing better than the facial massage to reduce the face. The leg bending and circling exercise that I gave some time ago is very excellent to reduce the legs. Massage will also help. You will have to be very careful to learn to move your entire body gracefully so as to overcome the awkward appearance of your large, bony structure. This can best be done by systematic exercise of the entire body.

Dear Miss Doscher: Will you please advise me what to do as my skin always looks dirty? Will you also tell me how I can keep my hands white and soft? A. H. S.

The possible reason for your skin always looking dirty is the condition of your general health. Try to get more time in the open air and add more fruits and laxative vegetables to your diet. Take the daily rubdowns and I think your skin will look better than by the aid of anything from the outside. A little diluted lemon juice will help bleach the skin. Have the druggist put one drop of carbolic acid to a quantity of pure glycerine. Apply this to the hands and then slip on a pair of loose, white gloves and allow it to remain on all night. This will make the hands nice and soft.

He collects things—birds' nests and butterflies and horrid slugs and bugs. But his energy is always on tap and his eager vivacity is inexhaustible. It is, for his wife, like living in the house with a merry-go-round. He wakes up the baby, he makes the older kiddies sick with candy and ice cream soda, he is irrepressible and insuppressible.

His wife can't subdue him—even at a second cousin's funeral. He winks at her during the services, and as soon as they are out of the church he proposes a theatre or a trip to China-town.

But he is always cheery, sunny, happy, and never irritable or disagreeable.

So try to direct his ambitions. Encourage him to make great efforts

and he may achieve success. There are several directions in which you may guide his efforts. There is the attainment of money, fame, learning or piety. Choose the first—the others aren't there.

If he still remains too jazzy for endurance, threaten to leave him. Not with any intention of keeping the threat, but as a rule jazz husbands are easily scared. But don't be old-fashioned. Remember that nowadays, instead of "I am going home to mother," one says, "I am leaving for Reno."

And instead of the question: "Am I the only girl you ever loved?" say, "Am I the only woman you are married to?"

Don't be afraid he will let you go. The jazz husband loves his wife, and if he can stand his nonsense they are among the happiest of pairs.

Occasionally a good quarrel is advisable. The excitement of flying into a rage, of being persistent afterward and of an affectionate making up will please the jazz husband mightily and is not much trouble for the wife.

A jazz husband has to be humored. He doesn't see very deeply into things and he is easily fooled. If you have any gumption whatever, you can twist him around your little finger and he will enjoy the twisting.

Husbands are white elephants at best, but they are, like Toodles' door-plate, handy to have in the house. And though a jazz husband may not be the finest type of gentleman or scholar, he's about the most comfortable sort to live with.

But there is one rule that should be observed with any type of husband.

Of course, during the war, we had to conserve wool and it was scarce and expensive. But now it is more easily available, and every wife should keep a small stock on hand to pull over her husband's eyes now and then.

If done carefully it is a good stunt and most efficacious.

Remember, if your husband misunderstands you he's a monster; if he thinks he understands you he's a fool; if he really understands you he'll get a divorce!

If the above instructions do not exactly fit your present incumbent keep them on file. They may better apply to your next. For she who weds and knows the way may live to wed another day.

Articles by Mrs. Frederick appear on this page of The Evening World three days each week.

Working from 9 until 5 with an interval of an hour for luncheon and one's whole evening free did not seem so difficult. But after dinner to have to dash out of the house and commence all over again made her feel that she was burning the candle at both ends.

After dinner Peggy had been accustomed to dolling up for an hour or so and then either to go out to a show or to entertain some of her friends. Jack Reed or Percy Peterson had formed the habit of dropping in two or three times a week. Marion Minton usually came in once a week, and there was always a letter to write either to Billy Bracton or to Harrison Townley.

But for one week she had thought of nothing but her work at the office and then her new business course at night. As she rode down in the subway at the end of this busiest week of her life she realized that she could not go through such another strenuous week. She was not born to be a grind and she didn't care whether she had a business career or not.

Pretty girls with their escorts were all around her, with their shawls. Others were going to the theatre, while still others were on their way to a dance. She had refused two invitations that evening in order to attend business school; one to a dance with Jack Reed, the other to a lecture on "The Modern Poets" with Percy Peterson.

Then her thoughts turned to Billy Bracton, Billy alone in Philadelphia, probably writing a letter to her at that very moment. Billy had been the one bright spot in her life. He had always gone to luncheon with

her at noon, strolled about the business section afterward and taken her out to a show or to a dance twice a week. Now that he had left New York, the world didn't seem quite the same place.

Sunday Harrison Townley was coming back from Europe. Peggy had received a wireless that very morning from him which read:

"Will be with you Sunday evening if my ship gets in. Harrison Townley."

Sunday evening! He would probably expect her answer then. They had corresponded and upon several occasions her letters had been almost lost letters. If he should demand an answer to his proposal, what should she say?

Peggy opened her vanity bag and looked into its tiny mirror. Although she was tired from overwork and overstudy she saw a bright, rosy face. Her eyes sparkled and the dimples and curves of her mouth smiled back at her. Eighteen, almost nineteen, and she had arrived at a point in her life where she must decide upon something definite! Business life and extra study were not the things she wanted. This was her last night at business school. She would tell them so that very evening.

But what was she going to do about Sunday? She must either tell him or reject him. She must decide between him and Billy Bracton.

Peggy reached her station, hurried to her night school and prepared to listen to the instructor for the last time. She was not tired now. She listened to a student but a little butterfly of a society girl who was merely looking on. As the instructor moved toward a blackboard and picked up a pointer to illustrate what he was saying Peggy noticed that he was bald and wore his collars a size too large. What he was saying meant nothing to her at all now.

Later as she stood before her mirror in her own room and examined her face most critically she shook a vivacious little finger at herself as she whispered:

"Now you have settled the business question once and for all and decided that you are a marrying girl. Your next step is to decide which man you want to marry."

"Which is it to be, Harrison Townley or Billy Bracton?"

To-morrow—Townley arrives.

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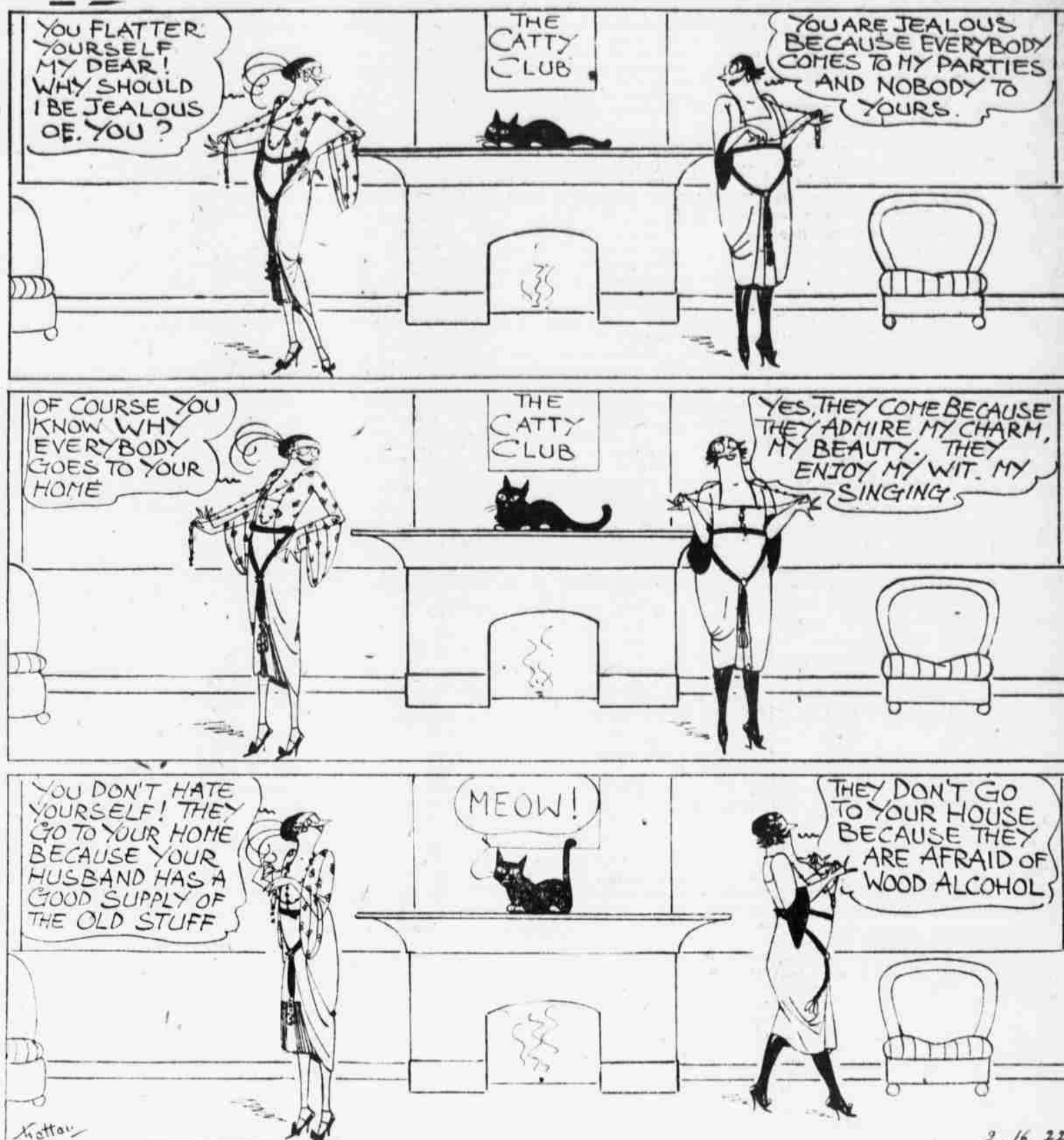
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Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1922, (New York Evening World) by Press Pub. Co.

By Maurice Ketten



The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?

FACING FACTS.



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Famous Women

ANNE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Twickenham, near London.

258 years ago, the second daughter of James II., then Duke of York, was destined to fall the lot of bringing to an end the long and brilliant reign of the royal House of Stuart. Married to Prince George of Denmark when she was nineteen, Anne ascended the throne of Great Britain and Ireland at the age of thirty-eight. Weak in character, she was governed first by Marlborough and his wife, and afterward by Mrs. Masham. Although she gave birth to thirteen children, not one survived to claim the throne on her death in 1714. As a result the British crown passed to the Elector of the German State of Hanover, who thus became George I. of Great Britain, and founded the present dynasty. The reign of Queen Anne was distinguished not only by many memorable successes of the British arms, but also by the number of great writers, including Pope, Swift and Addison, who flourished at that period.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"AND now, my dear, what I really called to see you about," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, after she and Mrs. Jarr had pulled all their mutual friends to pieces, "was to ask you to come with me to a milliner's. I am going to leave a bird of paradise to trim a hat, and I want a witness."

Mrs. Jarr, who had never had a bird of paradise agrette, stared at her friend, to indicate she did not understand.

"Didn't you know it is necessary to have a witness these days if you leave an agrette with a milliner, especially a new milliner?" her friend explained.

"Since the law that forbids birds of paradise agrettes and other rare plumes, except ostrich feathers, being imported, such things are worth their weight in diamonds," the visitor went on. "So if you leave a valuable agrette with a new milliner, you had better count the feathers, mark it for identification and have a witness. If you don't, you will find they have stolen half the plumes or substituted a less valuable agrette when they put it on your new hat."

"Who can one trust these days?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith with a deep sigh, "it's dreadful to have anything valuable in times like these. First, there is the luxury tax on anything costly that one buys. Then, if you have a fine automobile, poor people cross into a rental of the burdens the rich endure."

"But you can't pick up bargains all the time in responsible places," replied the visitor. "And I have seen the most fetching hat shape in a cheap store's window; just what I want. So I'm taking my agrette there to have it put on the shape and I want you to witness when I count the sprays of feathers in front of those people."

"Why can't you buy the shape and trim the hat yourself, without going to all this trouble and worry?" inquired Mrs. Jarr.

Her friend gazed at her with a "work is for workmen" expression on her face. "I trim a hat!" she asked. "I wouldn't dare."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"My maid would see me," replied Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "She would tell somebody, and it would get around and would eventually reach the commercial agencies and it might start rumors that would reflect upon and finally ruin my husband's credit."

"I'm sure I don't understand it at all," said Mrs. Jarr. "It is all too puzzling to me."

"Why, don't you see?" said the visitor. "In the present era of commercial depression, people of station must live extra extravagantly or it will be suspected that they are in straightened financial circumstances."

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR Miss Vincent: I am a boy of twenty-six. I know a very beautiful young woman of seventeen. I often take her out to shows, and the only thing she cares about is jazz, dancing and musical comedies. One morning she and her girl pal called at my office and said they wanted their fortunes told. I told them that was foolish and that I did not know anyone who could do it anyway. I like this girl very much, Miss Vincent, but I am afraid she is too flighty. What do you advise?" "ANXIOUS."

All girls like to have their fortunes told. Perhaps this was just a joke and she would have been blighted if

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